

SPRING ISSUE  
No.15

THE

# SPIRIT



10¢







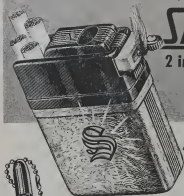
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LIGHTER**



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**ALL 3  
for only**

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CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

**E-Z INDUSTRIES**

1226 N. Western Ave.

Chicago 22, Ill.

# THE SPIRIT

An afternoon call on  
Ellen Dolan, daughter of  
the Police Commissioner....

SPIRIT, YOU  
MUST MEET MISS  
ROSALIND RIPSLEY!  
SHE'S A MEMBER  
OF A GREAT  
COLONIAL  
FAMILY....

AH, YES... THE  
ONLY DESCENDANT  
OF GENERAL RIPSLEY...  
WASHINGTON'S  
**BEST**  
OFFICER!

I'M A SORT  
OF MODERN  
MINUTE MAN,  
MISS RIPSLEY!

THOSE MINUTE MEN  
WERE SO COMMON!  
HERE RAGGLE-TAGGLE  
ENLISTED  
FELLOWS...

--NO RIPSLEY  
EVER RANKED  
BELOW A  
MAJOR!

A GEMMUN  
JEST LEF' THIS  
MESSAGE  
FO' MISS  
RIPSLEY!

The Spirit



# The Spirit



HES A **DEAR OLD FRIEND!** AND WE WERE DISCUSSING **PRIVATE BUSINESS!**

THAT'S TELLING HIM OFF, BABE! LET'S GO TALK SOMEWHERE ELSE!



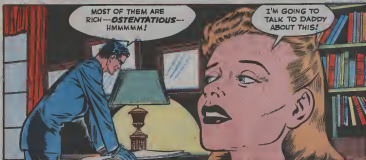
DID AH MISS THE FUN, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS?

IT WAS RATHER FUNNY, EBONY, BUT NOT EXACTLY **AMUSING!**



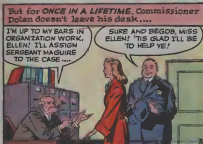
The next day...  
STRANGE! ROSALIND SEEMS TO BE GIVING A PARTY--AND THESE GUESTS AREN'T EXACTLY **COLONIAL DAMES---**

THAT FRIEND OF HERS--HASPER--ISN'T THE FOUNDING FATHER TYPE, EITHER!



MOST OF THEM ARE RICH---**OSTENTATIOUS---** HMMMM!

I'M GOING TO TALK TO DADDY ABOUT THIS!



But for **ONCE IN A LIFETIME**, Commissioner Dolan doesn't leave his desk....

I'M UP TO MY EARS IN ORGANIZATION WORK, ELLEN! I'LL ASSIGN SERGEANT MAGUIRE TO THE CASE....

SURE AND BEGLOB, MISS ELLEN! 'TIS GLAD I'LL BE TO HELP YE!



MEET SERGEANT MAGUIRE, SPIRIT! WE'LL ALL THREE GO TO ROSALIND'S PARTY...

WITHOUT INVITATIONS? SHE'LL PROBABLY HAVE A GUARD OF WASHINGTON LIGHT DRAGOONS SHOOT US DOWN ON SIGHT!

# The Spirit



# The Spirit



SURE, AND IT LOOKS LIKE A DULL AFFAIR --- THE POOR SHOULD BE GLAD THE WALL KEEPS THEM AWAY FROM SUCH!

WAIT HERE! I'LL SNEAK CLOSER TO SEE---

WITH THIS KEY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN DISCOVERED ELECTRICITY---

ECK! MY NECKLACE--- GONE!

MY WALLET'S STOLEN, TOO!

AND MY WATCH!... THERE ARE THIEVES IN THIS GARDEN!

WHY--IT CAN'T BE-- WAIT AND FIND OUT---

WAIT, NOTHING! SOMEONE'S MOVING IN THOSE BUSHES!



HERE'S THE THIEF... HIDING IN THESE BUSHES!

WHY--WHY... THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE!

NO MISTAKE, MISS RIPLEY! SHALL I TELL ALL I KNOW?

IT'S THAT NOSY GUY I TOLD YOU ABOUT! C'MON, LET'S GO INTO OUR ACT!







# The Spirit





SAY, WHAT'S  
WRONG WITH  
ME, ANY-  
HOW?



OH, NOTHING...  
NOTHING AT ALL,  
REALLY  
EXCEPT...

**EXCEPT  
WHAT?**



WILL, YOU'RE TOO YOUNG, I GUESS... TOO MUCH THE BOY'S MIND! A GIRL, YOU SEE, IS ALWAYS OLDER THAN A BOY MENTALLY!

I'M  
SEVENTEEN  
AN' TWO  
MONTHS'



SURE, BUT AT SEVENTEEN  
A GIRL IS GROWN UP—SHE  
THINKS AND TALKS LIKE  
A WOMAN!

### WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?



A DIFFERENCE OF  
TEN YEARS, I'D  
SAY, IN GIRLS  
AND BOYS THE  
SAME AGE!

Y'MEAN, THEN, THAT I GOTTA WAIT TEN YEARS TO TALK TO GIRLS YOUR AGE?



NOT NECESSARILY!  
GO FIND SOME  
GIRL YOUR  
MENTAL EQUAL  
AND TALK TO  
HER!



WELL, ACCORDING  
TO THAT DOPE,  
HER AGE WOULD  
BE ...



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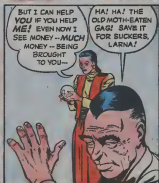


NO! I'LL BE DANGED  
IF I DO! I'LL DIE A  
**HERMIT** FIRST!





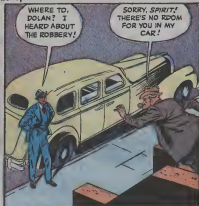
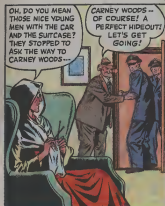
# The SPIRIT



# The Spirit

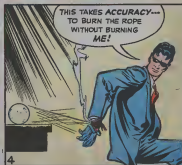
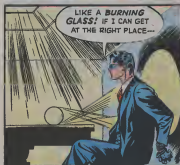


# The Spirit





# The Spirit



# The Spirit



FREE FROM THE  
ROPES -- BUT THIS  
DOOR IS  
LOCKED!



THEY'RE IN THERE!  
ONLY ONE WAY TO  
GET TO THEM!



HERE'S YOUR SHARE,  
LARNA! BUT WAIT  
BEFORE YOU SPEND  
IT -- IT'S HOT  
MONEY!

EVERYTHING'S  
HOT! LOOK,  
THE JOINT'S  
BURNING  
UP!



MAY I INTRUDE?  
SOMETHING TELLS  
ME THAT THE  
HARPER MILLS  
MIGHT FIND ITS  
LOST PAYROLL  
HERE!

THE  
SPIRIT'S  
LOOSE!  
I'LL...



LET'S HAVE  
A LITTLE SUN-  
LIGHT ON THESE  
DARK DOINGS!

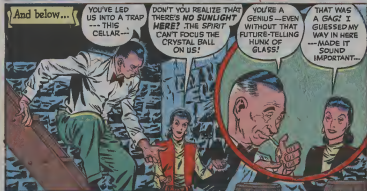
WOWWW!



THAT'S A SHARP  
OUTFIT YOU'RE  
WEARING! -- SO  
SHARP IT  
HURTS  
YOU!

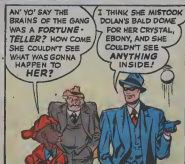
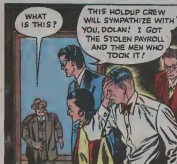
THIS WAY,  
TURAK!  
I'VE GOT  
AN IDEA--

# The Spirit





# The Spirit



# FLATFOOT BURNS

ENTRANCE

SMIFF! SMIFF!  
3 GAUPE IT'S  
GASOLINE!  
LOOKS BAD FOR  
FLATFOOT!

by AL STAHL

FLATFOOT BURNS, AHEN ... UNDER THE  
POWERS VESTED IN ME BY THE LAW,  
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR THE  
THEFT OF GASOLINE!

WHAT?

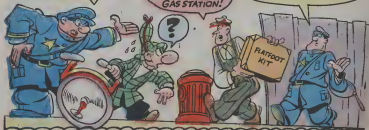
B-BUT,  
CHIEF, I--  
ER---WHO,  
ME?

THERE'S NO USE  
DENYING IT, FLATFOOT!  
I'VE GOT THE  
EVIDENCE RIGHT  
HERE! ... HEY,  
FELLOWS!

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE!  
FIRST, YOU'RE DRIPPING  
WITH GASOLINE!

SECONDLY, YOU LEFT  
YOUR FLATFOOT KIT AT  
THE SCENE OF THE  
CRIME-- MY  
GAS STATION!

THIRDLY, I SAW YOU, MR. BURNS,  
RIDING ON A GASOLINE TRUCK  
AND SPEEDING AWAY WITH  
THE PRECIOUS STUFF!



The Spirit

WELL?

THE WHOLE IDEA'S PREPOSTEROUS! YOU'RE TRYING TO CONVICT ME ON CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE! WELL, I HAVE MY OWN IDEAS ABOUT THIS CASE!

"Here's what happened!... I stopped at Joe's Gas Station for a very good reason!"

OH-OH! TIRE A LITTLE LOW! GOT TO GET HER PUMPED UP!

"Joe was repairing a car and didn't see me approach!"

"But it really didn't matter, as I can fill my own tire!"

TA-DE-DA-♪

"I do remember -- and this is important to our case -- that the AIR PUMP LINE and the GAS HOSE were TANGLED!"

"I was Quite Sure that I connected the RIGHT line until --"

"Well, I was wrong! --er-- that's why I am reeking of GASOLINE!"

HMM!

AH!

HELP!

"That's the last thing I remember! Now, with the **ADDITIONAL EVIDENCE** you have given me, I shall **RECONSTRUCT THE CRIME!**" The **GASOLINE TRUCK** you mentioned probably drove up at that moment ---"

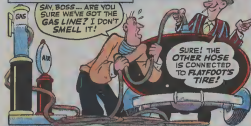
**LOOK! MIKE!**  
IT'S **FLATFOOT**--  
AND HE'S **OUT COLD!**



"REMEMBER --the **GASOLINE** and **AIR HOSE** were **TANGLED**--so they probably filled their truck with **AIR!**"

SAY, BOSS... ARE YOU SURE WE'VE GOT THE **GAS LINE?** I DON'T SMELL IT!

SURE! THE **OTHER HOSE** IS CONNECTED TO **FLATFOOT'S TIRE!**



WHAT A PERFECT **SETUP, BOSS!** WE CAN **STEAL THE GAS** AND LET **FLATFOOT TAKE THE RAP!**

**YEAH!**



"To pin the deed on me, they had to **REMOVE** me from the **SCENE OF THE CRIME!**"

LET'S TAKE HIM ALONG, BOSS, AND **DUMP** HIM SOMEWHERE!



"Regarding my **Flatfoot Kit**--"

WE'LL LEAVE THIS BEHIND FOR **EVIDENCE!**

"This explains why the policeman saw me riding on the **GAS TRUCK**..."

HMM-M! WHAT'S **FLATFOOT** DOING UP THERE?



"I was obligingly dropped in front of my own front door, where you found me!"



The Spirit

... IF MY PREDICTIONS ARE CORRECT, THOSE CROCKS HAVE PROBABLY DISCOVERED THE AIR IN THEIR TRUCK BY NOW AND ARE RETURNING TO THE GAS STATION FOR THE GASOLINE!

A LIKELY STORY, FLATFOOT! IT'S STILL CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE!

SEE, CHIEF, THERE'S THE TRUCK!

WELL, I'LL BE---

JOE'S GAS STATION

GAS

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S STOP 'EM!

GAS

WAIT, CHIEF! I'VE BEEN RIGHT UP TO NOW! AND YOU'RE IN FOR A LITTLE SURPRISE!

BEHOLD!

HELP! SAVE US BEFORE THE GASOLINE BLOWS US ALL TO SMITHEREENS! ...WE SURRENDER!

?

B-BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! J-JUST WHAT H-HAPPENED TO THE GASOLINE? ...GOSH!

HWF! CHIEF, THE GASOLINE WAS NEVER STOLEN!

IT'S STILL CONNECTED TO MY TIRE! ...AND THIS IS NOT MERELY CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE!





## A Gift



"JUST look at all those beautiful things,"

Ellen Dolan said. "Jade from China, ivory from Africa, lacquered pieces from Japan. I love curio shops."

"Some men," she went on wistfully, "might want to give someone a gift."

"You're right, Ellen," the Spirit said, pulling her through the doorway.

"Aw," Ebony muttered, as he followed them reluctantly, "Mist' Spirit should be out catching crooks instead of fooling around here."

The Spirit walked up to a pale, skinny man behind a showcase in the dusty shop. "Something for you, mister?" the shopkeeper wheezed.

"What are you going to buy, Spirit?" Ellen asked excitedly. "Those jade earrings are nice."

The Spirit smiled down at her. "I'm getting a paperweight for your father's desk," he said, laughing, "so he can keep his list of 'unsolved cases' from blowing away. I think these three monkeys here on the counter would be fitting."

"Oh, Spirit," Ellen sighed in disappointment, "I thought . . . never mind. Why the three monkeys?"

"They could remind him," the Spirit replied, still grinning, "that he 'sees no evil—hears no evil.' Of course," he added, "the 'speak-no-evil' monkey isn't quite typical . . . your father isn't too careful the way he speaks to me sometimes."

"I think that's mean," Ellen said, pouting. "You know daddy works hard."

The clerk regarded the Spirit with glazed eyes. "Sorry, mister," he rasped hoarsely, "these monkeys ain't for sale . . . counter display."

The Spirit shrugged his shoulders. "It was just an idea," he muttered, "but maybe the Commissioner wouldn't appreciate my humor."

The pale clerk stared hard after the departing pair, then glanced down as Ebony slouched past the counter. His thin arm shot out and he grabbed the Spirit's small friend by the collar.

"What are you snoopin' around here for, kid?" he asked nastily.

"You better not mess with me," Ebony shouted, flailing his arms as he tried to pull free. "Mist' Spirit Boss'll come back here and take you apart if you don't let me go!" In the struggle Ebony's hand accidentally pushed a tray of jewelry and sent it skidding along the counter top.

Abruptly the storekeeper dropped the boy,

saying worriedly, "Hmmm . . . the Spirit . . . I thought I recognized him." Then, as his glazed eyes sought the small paperweight, his face turned a muddy grey. Ignoring Ebony, he raced to the rear of the store.

"Max," he shouted, "come quick. The Spirit's walked off with the stuff!"

Mystified, Ebony scurried out of the store to overtake the Spirit and Ellen. He still had half a block to go when two men brushed by him. "They sho' are in a hurry," the boy thought.

The two men came up behind the Spirit and Ellen. One whipped out a blackjack and dealt the Spirit a vicious blow behind the ear. Clamping heavy hands over Ellen's mouth, the other man forced her into a car which drew up to the curb.

"Holy ham hecks," Ebony shouted, breaking into a run. "They done got Miss Ellen and Mist' Spirit Boss."

The man who had struck the Spirit leaned over and searched him quickly. Shaking his head, he climbed into the car behind his companion.

As Ebony panted up, the car roared away. The boy leaned over the prostrate crime-buster, who stirred feebly. "What happened, Ebony?" the Spirit moaned.

When Ebony told him that Ellen had been kidnapped, the Spirit stood up shakily, saying, "We'd better notify Dolan right away!"

When the Spirit entered the Commissioner's house a few minutes later, Dolan was frantic. "Look at this!" he shouted, waving a penciled note. "This was just slipped under my door."

"Let's see it," the Spirit said, taking the note.

Scrawled on the paper were the words: "You give us back the monkeys and we turn your charming daughter loose."

"Monkeys?" the Spirit said. "The only monkeys I've seen lately were in a little curio shop . . . I think," he added thoughtfully, "we will pay that pasty faced clerk a visit."

Ebony followed the Spirit into the curio shop. "Looks like nobody's home," he said.

"You're wrong," the Spirit said, kneeling quickly behind the counter. The shopkeeper lay crumpled on the floor.

As the Spirit put a supporting arm under his shoulder blade, the man groaned and his

## The Spirit

eyelids fluttered open for a moment. "Pretty red flowers," he gasped, then went limp.

"He's dead," the Spirit said. Removing his arm from under the prostrate form, his hand struck a hard object lying beneath the show-ense. He reached for it, then stood up in the light.

"It's our three friends, Ebony," he said. "Now to see what makes them so valuable." Holding the carved figures in the palm of one hand, he twisted each of the monkeys. The first two remained firm, but the figure on the left turned smoothly.

After unscrewing it, the Spirit separated the little monkey from its companions, saying, "It's hollow, Ebony, and inside is the answer." He dug out a bit of dark-brown gum from the interior and examined it.

"You wait here and phone the police, Ebony," he said, pausing in the doorway. "I have a visit to make."

Half an hour later he walked under a sign reading: "M. Jenkins, Florist," and into the shop itself.

"Something for you, sir?" said a smooth voice from the rear of the store.

"A friend of mine," the Spirit said in a confidential tone, "told me you have some, fine oriental novices. Might I see some?"

"It's late," the little man said, his smile vanishing, "but if you insist, I will have one of my gardeners show you to the outhouse. Mux!" he called.

A moment later a heavy-set man in overalls stood in the rear doorway and eyed the Spirit sullenly. "This gentleman is interested in poppies, Max," the florist said softly.

The gardener led the Spirit out into the darkness toward a large greenhouse in the rear yard. They were halfway there when the gardener lunged at him, a knife gleaming in his hand. "This is as far as you go," he snarled.

"Sorry to disappoint you," the Spirit said, grabbing Max's wrist and dropping him with a sharp blow to the jaw.

Leaving the unconscious man, the Spirit covered the distance to the greenhouse in long strides. Entering, he switched on a light.

In a far corner, huddled on the ground, lay Ellen, her eyes fearful. "Ellen," the Spirit yelled racing to her side and loosening her bonds, "you're not hurt!"

"Thanks to you, Spirit," the girl whispered nervously. "Even if you gave them the paper-weight they were going to kill me. What's it all about?"

The Spirit helped her to her feet, and, searching the contents of the greenhouse, finally pointed to several trays of brilliant red flowers on a corner shelf. "Those are opium poppies that Jenkins and his gardener grew and converted into raw opium. He hid it in hollow paperweights like the one with the monkey figures and distributed the stuff to his customers through the curio shop."

"After we left the shop, Ebony accidentally knocked the dope-filled paperweight onto the floor. The shopkeeper, when Ebony mentioned my name, thought I was onto their game and had picked up the paperweight for evidence. He kidnapped you to force me to return it. At least," the Spirit went on, "that's the way I size it up."

"My final deduction is that Jenkins killed the curio dealer so he wouldn't talk and implicate him . . . but the dealer's last words gave me an idea to start checking florists. 'Loosely,' he concluded, 'Jenkins' shop was the first one on my list . . . and now, if he's still in the shop, I'll settle his hush once and for all.'"

Ellen following him, the Spirit walked back into the shop. When Jenkins, at that moment arranging the floral pattern on a funeral wreath, saw him, he wheeled around and made a beak for the front door.

"I don't want to interrupt your work on that funeral wreath, Jenkins," the Spirit yelled, grabbing him by the collar. "It'll come in handy—for your own funeral."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 14, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1915, AND JULY 3, 1946 (49 U.S.C. 368)

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1 The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Louis Field, Old Greenwich Conn.; Editor, William E. Shaner 21 West Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Nina, Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Louis Field, Old Greenwich Conn.

2. The owner is (1) owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereafter the name and address of stockholders owning at least one share or more than about twenty of such. It is owned by an individual or individuals in partnership, or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given. Edward M. Arnold, Louis Fink, 646 Broadway, New York.

5. The terms "mortgages, mortgages and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: All shares are none, in 1981: None

[illegible]

EVERETT M. ARNOLD  
Editor

Examined and returned before me this 11th day of September 1948  
LESTER J. KUBANSKY, Notary Public, Commission expires April 1, 1949.



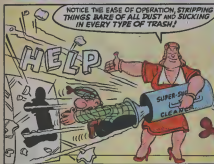
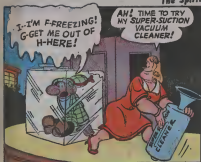
The Spirit







The Spirit



# THE SPIRIT

Shadows in the night...  
unseen but swift in striking  
and leaving no trace...  
in the case of the  
**Will o' Wisp  
Murders!**



Ellen Dolan, daughter of the Police Commissioner, is asking a difficult favor....

DOLAN SAYS HE'S SICK  
OF MY BUTTING INTO  
POLICE BUSINESS!

BUT MR. VAN VLEET HAS  
WARNED THE POLICE TO  
STAY OUT OF THIS CASE...  
SAYS HIS LIFE DEPENDS ON  
NO INTERFERENCE: YOU  
MUST HELP, SPIRIT--  
**YOU MUST!**



At the home of wealthy KURT VAN VLEET,  
on a rock above the river...

THIS IS A FINAL WARNING -- DELIVERED AS IF BY  
MAGIC! IT SAYS -- \* PREPARE TO PAY A  
MILLION DOLLARS BY MIDNIGHT! IF NOT,  
YOUR SECRETARY MAURICE WILL DIE ON  
THE STROKE OF TWELVE!...



BE CALM,  
MAURICE!  
READ ON!

# The Spirit



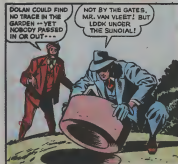
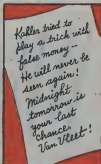
# The Spirit







# The Spirit



# The Spirit

But the tunnel and river  
yield no clues--and next day...

**SPIRIT!**

THEY THREW  
A ROCK--JUST  
MISSED ME  
--NOBODY IN  
SIGHT NOW!

HERE'S  
A NOTE  
ATTACHED!

By now, Van Vleet,  
you know what it  
will mean to  
ignore this! Row  
out from the foot  
of your bluff--  
close--with one  
million in cash--  
tought at  
midnight!  
We do not  
think you will  
try any more  
tricks!

LET ME GO IN  
THE BOAT, MR.  
VAN VLEET!  
I'LL TRAP  
THEM ---

I DON'T DARE!  
THEY'LL KILL ME LIKE  
MAURICE AND KAHLER!  
I MUST PAY THE MILLION  
DOLLARS--AND BE  
GLAD I'M LEFT  
ALIVE!

And once more it is midnight...

YOU, MR. VAN VLEET?  
HAVE YOU THE  
MONEY?

YES! COME CLOSE  
AND I'LL GIVE  
IT TO YOU!

HERE--EXAMINE  
IT TO SEE THAT  
I BROUGHT  
WHAT YOU  
ASKED!

DON'T PAY  
THEM A CENT,  
MR. VAN  
VLEET!

# The Spirit



**YOU PRACTICE** Radio soldering, mounting, overhauling with soldering equipment and Radio parts I send you.



**YOU BUILD** this Tester that soon helps you **EARN EXTRA MONEY** fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.



**YOU BUILD** special Radio Circuits like this with parts I send. Learn how to locate and repair defective circuits.



**YOU BUILD** Vacuum Tube Power Pack, get experience correcting Power Pack troubles of many kinds.



**YOU PRACTICE** with this A. H. Signal Generator. Provides superheterodyne-like signals for many tests.



**YOU BUILD** the Superheterodyne Receiver Circuit, conduct FM (Frequency Modulation) experiments and other tests.



## You Get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE With This Superheterodyne Receiver

You build this complete, powerful Radio Receiver that brings in local and distant stations. N. R. I. gives you ALL the Radio parts... speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, sockets, loop antenna, etc.

# LEARN RADIO BY PRACTICING IN SPARE TIME

## WITH BIG KITS OF PARTS I SEND YOU



When a good job, job in the fast-growing RADIO-TELEVISION industry! Make a money-making Radio Technician out of your own home! This opportunity, the trained thousands of men in the Radio-Television industry with NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE. Make money and spend your spare time! Radio-Television Technician from University of New York. You get practical experience building, testing, overhauling with MANY KITS OF PARTS I send. All components given to keep.

### Make EXTRA MONEY in Spare Time

The day you finish, I start sending SPECIAL HOME LETTERS that show you how to make EXTRA MONEY doing nothing! Station in spare time! From here it's a short step to your own shop, or a good pay Radio-Television working job. Or get into Police, Aviation, Marine, Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing or Public Address work. And think of opportunities in the booming Television industry.

See What N. R. I. Can Do For You

Are you tired of my DUTY FREE OFFER? Don't refuse me to avoid trouble. "GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH RADIO" is a book, a complete free one. No parts and materials! You also get my 64-page book, "HOW TO MAKE A POLYMER IN RADIO AND TELEVISION ELECTRONICS". Tells how quickly, easily you can get started. Send request in envelope or letter on agency card. I. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 9DA3, National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

**I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME MY COURSE INCLUDES TELEVISION ELECTRONICS**



## I TRAINED THESE MEN

### Has Own Radio Service

"I have my own Radio and Television sales and service. I get enough regular jobs to keep me going." - **ALFRED J. KILB, Jr.** (New York, N. Y.)

### Good Spare Time Business

"I have been getting regular jobs to keep me going. I don't have to spend much time." - **ALFRED J. KILB, Jr.** (New York, N. Y.)

**GET BOTH 64 PAGE BOOK FREE**

MR. I. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 9DA3, NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Washington, D. C. Send me FREE Sample Lesson and 64-page book about how to win money in Radio and Television Electronics. (No salesman will call. Please write direct.)

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